

## CHAIRS FOR TWO

By EARL SILVERS.

The sophomore class of Bethel college had just finished one of the most successful dances in history. It was after midnight when the last speech was given, the last song sung and the happy pleasure-seekers bunched in the four big stages which waited to take them back to Collegeville.

The desire for activity had increased so much that one of the more adventurous suggested that it would be a fine thing to visit the verandas of the Glenwood homes and make a collection of chairs. No sooner was the suggestion made than the high-spirited students swooped down upon the darkened houses. Soon a miscellaneous collection of chairs was piled upon the coaches.

When the end of the village was reached, however, the more sober members of the party called a halt. The chairs were piled high in the lawns of one of the most prominent citizens. But not all the trophies were left behind. Jim Duncan, with characteristic stubbornness, refused to part with his treasure. It was a fine chair of solid mahogany.

On the very next night, Jim met Elsie Thurston. It was at a Country club dance, and after the third fox trot, Jim decided that Elsie was altogether the finest girl he had ever met. Elsie, on her part, evidently considered Jim with favorable light, for she gave him three other dances before the evening was over, and just before they parted she acquiesced in his suggestion that he go to see her on the next evening.

Jim appeared at the Thurston residence shortly after eight o'clock. Elsie, having decided to look her very best, was not ready when the visitor arrived, so Mr. Thurston introducing himself, accepted the role of entertainer. The conversation drifted to college and the pranks of various students.

"Yes, we do have lots of fun," Jim said in answer to a question of the older man, "But, then, we study a bit, too."

"Well," Mr. Thurston answered grimly, "I know one time when some of you didn't study any. That was two nights ago."

Jim's heart missed a beat. "What happened?" he asked innocently.

"A bunch of students came over here after midnight and stole one of my best chairs," Jim's face took on a slight tinge, but it was dark and Mr. Thurston did not notice. "It was a chair I value highly," he continued, "and if I could find out who took it I would prosecute him to the full extent of the law."

"Maybe I could scout around and find it for you," Jim suggested.

"If you do I shall be eternally obliged to you," the other answered.

Elsie appeared, radiant in a creation of shimmering blue.

"Would you like to go in and look at that picture I was telling you about last night?" she asked.

Jim followed her into the spacious library. The first thing his eyes fell upon was a chair identical in appearance with the one which reposed in the corner of his own room. Elsie followed his glance.

"What's the matter?" she asked, noting his startled expression.

"Why—I—er—was looking at that chair," he managed to answer. "It's rather odd, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is one of a pair we used to have that has been in the family for years."

Jim examined the chair with interest.

"You say that there was another one?" he asked. "Where is it?"

"A group of college boys stole it the night before last," she answered.

"Oh, that's a shame!" He spoke indignantly. "Do they fit together?"

"Yes, they were so made that they could be joined to form a tete-a-tete. Do you see where the joints are?"

"Maybe," he suggested, "I can look around the dormitory and find the other one. And if I do, I'll bring it back to you."

So bright and early the next morning, he seated himself at his desk and wrote a letter:

"Dear Elsie:

"I scouted around last night and found your chair in one of the student's rooms. Unless I hear from you by phone, I shall bring it over to-night."

No phone message was forthcoming, so at eight o'clock Jim packed the chair in his runabout and departed for Glenwood. Mr. Thurston was seated on his veranda when he arrived.

"I am very much obliged and indebted to you," he announced, when Jim showed him his precious cargo. "Elsie is in the library."

Taking the chair with him Jim entered the house. When Elsie saw him, she gave a cry of delight.

"Oh, it's just time of you!" she exclaimed.

After that, the evening flew by in gilded wings. But just before it was time to go, Jim ventured a suggestion.

"You haven't shown me how those chairs are joined together to make a tete-a-tete," he said.

"No," she answered, "I haven't, but I will."

She joined them deftly, and a few minutes later Jim was sitting in one, with Elsie beside him in the other.

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## HOW WAS HE SHOT IN ARM?

The shooting in the arm of Eustace Edwards, an Indian of Anadarko, during the heavy downpour on Thursday night, will probably remain an unsolved

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ed mystery. Rigid examination by the police yesterday afternoon after the Indian had sobored sufficiently to think, failed to elicit any information which might throw any light upon the subject. The Indian confessed to having carried a .41 Colt and may have accidentally inflicted the wound. On the other hand he carried a roll of about \$70 in bills and immediately after the shooting a man was seen to have run from his side.

LIBRARY BULLETIN.  
Library hours, 2 to 6, and 7 to 8. Phone 1124.  
New Fiction Received at the Carnegie Library.  
Allen—A Cathedral Singer.  
Atherton—Mrs. Balfane.  
Bennett—Hilda Lessways.  
Bennett—Clayhanger.  
Beach—Heart of the Sunset.  
Brebner—Master Detective.  
Bates—Geranium Lady.  
Bennett—Gates of Wrath.  
Canfield—Bent Twig.  
Farnot—Belshazzar, the Smith.  
Glasgow—Life and Gabriella.  
Houston—Prudence of the Parsonage.  
Johnston—Fortunes of Garta.  
Kipling—Kim.

London—Little Lady of the Big House.  
McFarlane—Held to Answer.  
Porter—Just David.  
Poole—The Harbor.  
Stanley—Dr. Llewellyn and His Friends.  
Stanley—The Master of the Lake.  
Sand—Consuelo.  
Sinclair—The Belfry.  
Sawyer—Seven Miles to Arden.  
Tarkington—Seventeen.  
Wodehouse—Uneasy Money.  
White—The Gray dawn.  
Juvenile.  
Bennett—Barnaby Lee.  
Martin—Her Husband's Purse.  
McCarter—The Corner Stone.  
Bennett—Master Skylark.  
Burrill—Master Skylark, dramatized.  
Burnett—Sara Crews and Little Saint Elizabeth.  
Bigham—Fanciful Flower Tales.  
Banta & Benson—Brownies and Babbitt—Jataka Tales.  
Gobline.  
Billingshurst—A Hundred Fables of La Fontaine.  
Coryell—Diego Pinzon.  
Coolidge—Miscellaneous Thanksgiving.  
Craik—Bow-Wow and Mew-wew.  
Dix—A Little Captive Lad.

Dix—Soldier Rigdale.  
Dalrymple—Little Me Too.  
Eastman—Smoky Days and Wigwag Evenings.  
Ewing—Lot-Lie-by-the-Fire.  
Faulkner—Old Russian Tales.  
Gladden—Santa Claus on a Lark.  
Grinnell—Jack in the Rockies.  
Grinnell—Jack the Young Ranchman.  
Hale—Peterkin Papers.  
Howells—Christmas Every Day.  
Jacobs—Blue Bonnet Keeps House.  
Noyes—Lords of Mirale.  
Pynelle—Diddle Dumps and Tot.  
Ruxton—In the Old West.  
Shaw—Castle Blair.  
Whitney—A Summer in Leslie Goldwaite's Life.  
Non-Fiction.  
Bartholomew—A Literary and Historical Atlas of Europe.  
Bartholomew—Atlas of Ancient and Classical Geography.  
Bryant—Famous Pictures of Real Boys and Girls.  
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Palmer—Odysseys of Homer.

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